

## HER LITTLE BOY.

"Always a little boy to her."  
No matter how old he's grown.  
Her eyes are blind to the strands of gray,  
She's deaf to his manly tone.  
His voice is the same as the day he asked:  
"What makes the old cat purr?"  
Ever and ever he's just the same—  
A little boy to her.

"Always a little boy to her."  
She heeds not the lines of care  
That furrow his face—to her it is still  
As it was in his boyhood, fair.  
His hopes and joys are as dear to her  
As they were in his small-boy days.  
He never changes; to her he's still  
"My little boy," she says.

"Always a little boy to her."  
And to him she's the mother fair,  
With the laughing eyes and the cheering  
smile  
Of the boyhood days back there.  
Back there, somewhere in the mist of  
years—  
Back there with the childish joy,  
And to her he's never the man we see,  
But always "her little boy."

"Always a little boy to her."  
The ceaseless march of the years  
Goes rapidly by, but his drumbeats die  
Ere ever they reach her ears.  
The smile that she sees is the smile of  
youth.  
The wrinkles are dimples of joy.  
His hair with its gray is as sunny as May,  
He is always "her little boy."  
—Pearson's Weekly.

## THE DEPUTY SHERIFF

By H. L. CLEVELAND.

THE old-time deputy sheriff's functions at the time of a jail assault and a lynching were many and varied. He invariably took his cue from the sheriff. There were times when the sheriff did not object to lynching—there were political and other reasons why he should not. Then there were times when it was absolutely necessary for other reasons why a lynching should be prevented. The case of the Bell brothers will illustrate. They will be remembered not only as accomplished horse thieves, but also as highwaymen, and even worse than that. The first time they came under the notice of this particular sheriff they were lodged in his jail, charged with having absorbed, made way with and disposed of a herd of sheep. The herd, the indictment stated, contained 600 more or less crippled, foot-sore, red-eyed wanderers of the coulee range. The Bell brothers made no objections to their arrest, since they were caught in bed and their weapons not conveniently handy. After being placed in jail they settled down to a continuous game of cribbage between themselves, to which the deputy was not invited. On the third afternoon of their arrest he was informed by the sheriff that a party of ranchmen would attack the jail that night and attempt to take the brothers out and lynch them.

"I'm informed," said the sheriff, "that if they are lynched the West Enders will be down here looking for a coyote that looks like myself with guns. I've got to go across country to-night, but I advise you that no hanging bee is wanted. Be careful with the boys, but don't let 'em in."

The population of the county was composed of West Enders and East Enders. The Bell brothers were West Enders; their would-be lynchmen were East Enders. The West Enders were hardmen; the East Enders were sheep herders. The jail stood almost in the center of the county on what might have been called neutral ground. The deputy understood the sheriff to mean that the East Enders must be made to see that it was neutral ground that night. He thought long and earnestly after his superior left him. He knew that the sheriff had dodged the possible outcome of the raid—a lynching—dodged because he was politically a coward, but that did not relieve him. He was one man, and a little man at that. He had plenty of weapons—Winchesters, Remingtons, Colts, but the raiders would number 50 at least. The town community gathered about the jail was small and could not be depended upon for help. He was truly puzzled until a thought came to him—a big thought. He walked to the front of the jail and into that part of it used by the sheriff for his home. The only one in charge there was a Norwegian woman, a sort of housekeeper for the sheriff, who was a widow and childless. He had a little conversation with her which resulted in the home being closed, and she retired to the jail portion which was separated from the home by heavy iron doors. Next he called upon the Bell brothers, and this is what he said to them:

"Now you galutes can be hung to-night or fight with me. The East End is going to raid us, and I'm alone. If you're hung it'll be because I'm dead. If you fight with me we may save the boys off and save your necks. But you've got to tote fair or I'll save 'em the trouble of hanging you. Now, what I want you to do is to come out here in front when I'm ready and watch the main street. When the boys get here they've got to come the front way. After they begin business I want you to kill their horses. Shoot the horses, but don't touch a man. See?"

The Bell brothers appreciated the situation. They told the deputy sheriff that they would aid him in upholding the law and either win or die with him. Then he called on the Norwegian woman again and explained to her his plan. He said:

"You've handled a gun and you've got nerve. Now I may get killed in this muck-up, but somebody's got to account for the prisoners. They mustn't be lynched. That's my orders. I'm going to put them in front where they can do some fighting if necessary, and yet not get hurt. But if I get hurt—if I'm killed—I want you to kill the Bell brothers. Don't you either let 'em get away or be lynched. The East Enders won't hurt you, but don't you let the Bell brothers get lynched."

Well, this woman was of her kind, faithful, unyielding, brave. She could not appreciate either the comedy or the tragedy of the situation, but she did realize what was wanted of her, and like most frontier women she was not found wanting. When darkness settled down the jail was strongly bolted and barred. In the front room of the second-story overlooking the court the Bell brothers lay by a barred window, mattresses for shields, and waited for the coming of the avengers. They had noted that back of them and some distance away a woman was sitting by a table and that she had on the table a magazine Winchester—had it in such a way that it commanded their position. Still they did not understand. As for the deputy he was all over the jail looking after things. He had no other prisoners to care for, but he was inspecting locks and barriers which he had created. By ten o'clock the settlement outside was asleep. By 11 there was a fringe of moonlight on the eastern horizon, and the prairie waste was illumined with a white light. In the stillness the uneasy movements of distant herds of cattle could be distinguished and often the call of the ranging wolves. The Bell brothers jest-d with themselves on the outcome of the night raid.

"I never tried rope for a collar," said one.

"It's too tight," said the other. The woman sat immovable.

Up through the moonlight came riding the East Enders, 50 strong, as the deputy had suspected. They galloped through the town and citizens who heard them crept closer in their beds. They knew it meant a jail raid, but they were not responsible for the jail. The horsemen halted in front of the structure, and their leader beat hard on the door with the butt of a gun. In time the deputy lazily raised a window in the second story, and lazily asked: "What in thunder" was wanted.

"Turn 'em out, old man," said the leader. "We're after the Bell boys."

"You don't say. Why, I ain't got authority to turn 'em out. The last thing the sheriff said to me just to-night was that I must take good care of 'em."

"Aw, quit your fishing. You know what we want. Open up."

"I can't do it unless you've an order from the court. You'd better put your horses up and get lodging until you see the court. The Bell boys is asleep and I don't want 'em disturbed."

Then that valiant body of East Enders shot the door full of holes and tried to blow the lock. After that the fun began. It was fast and furious. More good horses died that night than the country ever had recorded before or since. In all the Missouri country except in battle with the Indians there never was such a killing of horses as that night. Perhaps there were a hundred shots fired, maybe more, but when the East Enders withdrew they were unharméd, but of their horses more than 50 were dead or mortally wounded, and the jail was still intact. Short of ammunition and disgusted, the East Enders retreated and made their way back over the prairie to their homes as best they could. The sheriff appeared to be greatly surprised the next day to find so many evidences of battle about the jail, dead horses here and dead horses there. But the Bell brothers were safe, and the deputy, too.

"Didn't hurt any of the boys?" asked the sheriff, referring to the East Enders.

"No—I reckoned it was cheaper to get their horses. Hate to kill a horse, but had to. Crowd wasn't very spunky anyway, sort of white-livered after shootin' commenced."

"Bell brothers help you?"

"Yes—they toted all right. Had the woman keep a gun on 'em."

"All right—guess you'd better turn in and take a nap."

"So long."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**FAMOUS MAKER OF VIOLINS.**

Lately Deceased Philadelphian Who Was Accounted a Master of the Art.

Charles F. Albert, of Philadelphia, who died recently, was famous on two continents as a maker of violins. He was born in Freiburg, Germany, December 25, 1842, says the Philadelphia Press, and came to this country with his father when he was 12 years old. After working at different trades he entered his father's shop to learn violin making. He took to it at once and became so successful that at the age of 24 he decided to start in business for himself.

His first shop was at 233 Arch street, next to the Betsy Ross Arch house. In this place such artists as Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Remenji, Esays and Wienawski intrusted their violins and bows to his care for repairs. On one of these occasions after Mr. Albert had removed a wolf, a serious defect from his Stradivarius, the great Wienawski kissed him on the forehead and exclaimed: "Young man, you have done what no other man could do for me either in Europe or America."

The bridge Mr. Albert took from the violin at the time was framed with his autograph attached and for many years has hung in his store.

He took many prizes not only for violin making, but also for numerous inventions of improvements and attachments for the violin. He discovered that American wood was far superior to the foreign for the making of violins. As a repairer and restorer of old instruments he had a reputation second to none.

He was the man who restored Tom Moore's Irish harp, which came by inheritance into the possession of the late George W. Childs who presented it to the Drexel Institute.

## ABOUT PRICKLY HEAT.

Nature of the Summer Affection and Cooling Lotions as a Remedy.

Prickly heat is an eruption of minute pimples, or pin-point blisters, occurring on various parts of the body, especially those covered with clothing, during the heats of summer, and particularly in muggy, dog-day weather, says Youth's Companion.

Unfortunately it is an affection that needs little description, the red skin covered with closely set pimples and minute shining water-blisters, and the intolerable itching, pricking and burning being only too familiar to almost every one. Some persons suffer from it during the entire summer, while others, more fortunate, are not much troubled after reaching adult life.

The cause of the eruption is the irritation of the skin resulting from excessive perspiration, which cannot evaporate, but is kept in contact with the skin by the sodden clothing.

The eruption is of little consequence, beyond the irritation it causes, in the case of robust children and healthy adults, but it becomes a more serious matter when the sufferer is a puny infant or an invalid. The scratching which it incites may do harm by tearing the skin and so providing an entrance for the germs of boils or carbuncles. The eruption is aggravated by whatever increases perspiration—exercise, hot tea and other drinks, and so forth.

For the immediate relief of the discomfort various cooling lotions and powders are used. Of the lotions, vinegar and water or dilute cologne water is as good as any, or, if one does not object to the odor, extract of witch-hazel may be used. Among powders, carbolic talcum, a mixture of boric acid, oxide of zinc and starch, one of camphor, oxide of zinc and starch, or one of sulphur, oxide of zinc and magnesia will afford relief if applied, after the bath, to the armpits and other parts where chafing is common.

In the tropics, especially in India, where the suffering from prickly heat is far more universal and severe than with us even in the hottest summer, physicians advise against the use of soap in the bath, and recommend the anointing of the body with some bland oil. Coconut oil is a favorite in the tropics.

A small quantity—about a tablespoonful—is rubbed gently into the skin once a day, the application being continued until the oil has disappeared and the skin has no longer a greasy feeling. Those who have tried this plan say that it is very efficacious in preventing prickly heat, even during the oppressive rainy season.

## FILLINGS FOR CUSHIONS.

Variety of Materials That Are Used Including Fragrant Leaves and Grasses.

It has been the fashion of recent years to fill the back of the lounge with innumerable cushions. The greater the variety of the fillings used for these pillows the more attractive the collection, says the New York Tribune. All materials, from the silken down of the American silkweed—the common silkweed—to the shreds of an ordinary newspaper cut in even strips have been utilized for sofa pillows. The most successful pillows, however, are fragrant ones, and the number of these is legion. Sweet clover, freed from its coarse stalks, and dried sweet hay, make a pleasant pillow, filled forever with the fragrance of June meadows. Spruce buds or the tips of the balsam spruce tree, gathered any time before August, make a pillow which will lull the person who uses it into sweet slumbers when no other pillow will. The balsamic fragrance of these pillows lasts for years. Rose leaves, properly dried, make another fragrant pillow. The aromatic odor of "blue curls," or trielostema, suggests another plant that may be utilized in a sofa cushion. In the early spring, when only the "dried and withered ghosts" of last year's vegetation remain, the fragrance of this plant still lingers in those meadows where it blossomed the previous year. It has a peculiarly refreshing fragrance, too, akin in its nature to lavender, which woos "an azure-lidded sleep." Dried violet petals, mixed with down or soft wool, make a pleasant pillow, which fills the parlor with its faint, delicate perfume. The sweet Dicksonia fern has a fragrance that increases in intensity after the fronds are dried, for the fresh fern has very little odor—a faint fragrance, only perceptible when walking through a meadow filled with its delicate green fronds. Possibly it is because some of the older fronds are already dried on their stalks. Its stalks might be mixed with some suitable material for a pillow, so they would give forth their fragrance without forming the chief substance of the filling, which would be a hard, unyielding one if of Dicksonia hay alone.

**Summer Food for Children.**

Children should have meat only once a day in summer, milk and eggs being substituted. Any of the cereals with milk, or, if these are not liked, milk toast, or bread and milk, or plain toast with eggs, soft boiled, baked, shirred, scrambled, poached or in an omelet, make an excellent breakfast. Fresh fish is a welcome addition to the meal. Salt codfish warmed with milk and a little butter, or made into balls with potato is a very digestible dish. Well-cooked fresh meat, one vegetable besides potatoes, a simple pudding or ice cream are enough for dinner. Soup may be added, and the fruit that is in season. With the latter use sugar, but no cream. Baked potatoes, sliced raw potatoes baked in milk, creamed rice or macaroni may form the substantial dish at supper. Fruit may be given in moderation. —Elisabeth Robinson Scovill, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## WASHINGTON'S DOG CEMETERY

Nation's Capital Has a Burial Place for Canines of High Degree.

A cemetery for dogs has now been established in Washington, D. C., and is expected to prove a useful institution. Most people who love their canine pets are puzzled to know how to dispose of them after their demise, inasmuch as local laws usually forbid their burial within city limits. Interments in the back yard will make trouble, if the police know of it, and, on the other hand, to consign the remains of a dearly loved animal to a casual colored man for reburial to the most convenient ash dump is not agreeable to the feelings, says the New York Herald.

Accordingly there ought to be a burying ground for dogs in the outskirts of every city. The one in Washington has been established by a company of gentlemen who are dog lovers, and the locality chosen is on the old Bladensburg road, a short distance beyond the limits of Washington proper. It is in a grove of beautiful oaks, sloping toward a green meadow, and adjoins a famous estate formerly owned by W. W. Corcoran, which has been in litigation ever since the death of that millionaire.

Lots are sold just as in any ordinary cemetery, and the owners, having paid the small price demanded, may obtain for a moderate fee, given to the man in charge, whatever attention they may desire for the graves, including the erection of headboards with suitable inscriptions and the planting of grass.

To some people this may seem to be carrying sentiment too far, but there are plenty of others who think that the lifelong faithfulness of a four-footed friend amply deserves the bestowal of a permanent resting place decently cared for.

## His Classification.

There was a rug on the line that needed attention, and she had been looking for some body-need man.

"Are you a carpet beater?" she asked of the hobo who applied for a little financial assistance.

"No, ma'am," he replied, honestly, as he hastily backed away. "I'm a dead beater."

"I don't believe you do any beating at all," she retorted.

"Just give me a chance," he said, "to beat a woman out of a little coin, and see what happens."—Chicago Post.

**A Social Sherlock Holmes.**

"She claims to be from the east," we said, referring to the new arrival.

"I have my doubts," remarked the observant person. "Have you noticed that when she shakes hands she only raises her hand to her chin? I do not think she is from any farther east than Pittsburgh."

It is well, when in society, to take note of these little things.—Baltimore American.

Pike's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

"Your boy is a speaking likeness of you."

"I don't agree with you. He's more of a howling likeness of his mother."—Town and Country.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

When your troubles are so firmly anchored in your mind that you dream of them, whoal! —Atchison Globe.

An undertaker and a sexton are never expected to ask about the health of a sick person; it looks greedy.—Atchison Globe.

**Bronchitis Can Be Cured** With Hoxsie's Croup Cure, speedily. 50 cts. Chicago Daily News.

A broad man isn't necessarily deep.—Chicago Daily News.

**PUTNAM FADELESS DYES** are as easy to use as soap. No mules or failures. The misfortunes of to-day are the blessings of to-morrow.—N. Y. Sun.

## MARKET REPORTS.

Cincinnati, Aug. 31.

CATTLE—Common	2 50	@ 3 65
Extra butchers	4 75	@ 5 00
CALVES—Extra	5 75	@ 6 00
HOGS—Select shippers	6 60	@ 6 75
Mixed packers	6 25	@ 6 35
SHEEP—Extra	3 10	@ 3 25
LAMBS—Extra	4 50	@ 5 50
FLOUR—Spring pat.	3 80	@ 4 15
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 1/2	@ 72
COKE—No. 2 mixed	56 1/2	@ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	37	@ 37
RYE—No. 2	57	@ 57
HAY—Ch. timothy	12 50	@ 12 50
PORK—Family	15 25	@ 15 25
LARD—Steam	8 75	@ 8 75
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	12 1/2	@ 12 1/2
Choice creamery	22	@ 22
APPLES—New, per bbl	1 50	@ 2 00
POTATOES—New	3 00	@ 3 50
TOBACCO—New	8 05	@ 9 85
Old	11 25	@ 13 00

Chicago.

FLOUR—Win. patent	3 40	@ 3 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red	70 1/2	@ 71 1/2
No. 3 spring	66	@ 68 1/2
COKE—No. 2	54 1/2	@ 54 1/2
OATS—No. 2	34	@ 35
RYE—No. 2	54 1/2	@ 55 1/2
PORK—Mess	14 40	@ 14 45
LARD—Steam	8 95	@ 8 97 1/2

New York.

FLOUR—Win. patent	3 60	@ 3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red	77 1/2	@ 77 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	61 1/2	@ 61 1/2
OATS—No. 2	35 1/2	@ 35 1/2
RYE—Western	61	@ 61
PORK—Family	16 25	@ 17 00
LARD—Steam	9 25	@ 9 25

Baltimore.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	73 1/2	@ 73 1/2
Southern	69 1/2	@ 74 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	59 1/2	@ 59 1/2
OATS—No. 2	38 1/2	@ 38 1/2
CATTLE—Butchers	5 00	@ 5 25
HOGS—Western	6 75	@ 6 80

Louisville.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	71	@ 71
CORN—No. 2 mixed	61	@ 61
OATS—No. 2	37 1/2	@ 37 1/2
PORK—Mess	15 00	@ 15 00
LARD—Steam	8 57 1/2	@ 8 57 1/2

Indianapolis.

WHEAT—No. 2 red	68 1/2	@ 68 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	57	@ 57
OATS—No. 2 mixed	36 1/2	@ 36 1/2

## PE-RU-NA AVERTS DANGER

In That Critical Time When a Girl Becomes a Woman.



MISS BESSIE KELLOGG.

Miss Bessie Kellogg, President of the Young Woman's Club, of Valley City, North Dakota, writes the following from First street, South, Valley City, North Dakota:

"Ever since I matured I suffered with severe monthly pains. The doctor did not seem to understand what the trouble was and the medicine he prescribed from time to time did not help me. He finally suggested that I have an operation. One of my friends who had been cured of a similar affliction through the use of Peruna, advised me to give it a trial first, and so I used it for three weeks faithfully. My pains diminished very soon and within two months I had none at all."

"This is six months ago, and during that time I have not had an ache nor pain. I give highest praise to Peruna. Every woman ought to use it, and I feel sure that it would bring perfect health."—BESSIE KELLOGG.

The experience of Miss Bessie Kellogg, of North Dakota, ought to be read by every girl in the land. It is a critical period in a woman's life when she ceases to be a girl and becomes a woman. Very few pass through this period without some trouble. The doctor is

called and he generally advises an operation. Perhaps he will subject the patient to a long series of experiments with nervines and tonics. The reason he does not often make a cure is because he does not recognize the trouble.

In a large majority of the cases catarrh of the female organs is the cause. Peruna relieves these cases promptly because it cures the catarrh. Peruna is not a palliative or a sedative or a nerve or a stimulant. It is a specific for catarrh and cures catarrh wherever it may lurk in the system.

This girl was lucky enough to find Peruna at last. As she says, the doctors did not seem to understand what the trouble was and the medicine he prescribed from time to time did not help her. Peruna hit the mark at once and she is now recommending this wonderful remedy to all the other girls in the United States.

Thousands of the girls who look at her beautiful face and read her sincere testimonial, will be led to try Peruna in their times of trouble and critical periods. Peruna will not fail them. Every one of them will be glad and it is to be hoped that their enthusiasm will lead them to do as this girl did—proclaim the fact to the world so that others may read it and do likewise.

Mrs. Christopher Flichmann, Amsterdam, N. Y., writes:

"I have been sick with catarrh of the stomach and pelvic organs for about five years, and had many a doctor, but none could help me. Some said I would never get over it. One day when I read your almanac I saw those who had been cured by Peruna; then I thought I would try it. I did, and found relief with the first bottle I took, and after two more bottles I was as well and strong as I was before."—Mrs. Christopher Flichmann.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

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